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# ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 359.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



## SLOPER'S FANCY BALL.

"Naturally Papa was not going to be outdone by Augustus, so the other evening he gave a very swagger Fancy Dress Ball at Mildew Court. Invitations were issued broadcast; in fact, had everyone accepted, Covent Garden Theatre would not have been nearly big enough to hold them. As it was, just the right number turned up to fill the back drawing room comfortably. Poor Papa, as Romeo, was awfully sweet; while Billy, as Pygmalion, and Mamma, as Galatea, caused a sort of panic. Dancing was kept up till a ghastly hour. This is the first of a series, I'm afraid."—TOOTSIE.

## THE MARCH WINDS.



1. From all reports, it appears that we are to have a seasonable March. The wind means doing all it knows. Many Life Insurance Companies have refused to grant policies to toy balloon vendors.



2. Shares in Umbrella Companies are rising rapidly, whilst the hatters are simply coining gold as fast as they can. Many have already retired upon a fortune. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.



3. The danger from falling tiles, slates, chimney-pots, etc., is very great. The chemists are investing largely in court-plaster, and youthful medical practitioners rejoice muchly.

## MORE MAD PRANKS.

IN the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, a strange place few Londoners seem to have visited, and which, on a bright moonlight night, has about it a curious weird charm, lie what is left of the bones of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the beautiful actress, Tom Browne, the wit, Betterton, the player, Aphra Behn, the much abused lady dramatist, and Long Meg, of Westminster, a noted virago of the reign of Henry VIII., and the hostess of a disorderly tavern in Southwark.

When Long Meg was herself in the service of a woman keeping a tavern in Westminster, it was that she acquired her famous sobriquet by deeds of daring, executed with her brawny arms. It was there that, when a Westminster bailiff would have arrested one of her mistress' customers, she threw a rope round the middle of that luckless limb of the law, crying, "Sir knave, I'll make thee a spectacle for all catch-poles," whilst she bade the gentleman debtor shift for himself. Then she dragged the bailiff "into the back side of the house, making him go up to the chin in a pond, and then paid him his fees with a cudgel; after which, he went away with the amends in his hands, for she was so well beloved that no one would meddle with her."

We read next how "it happened she once put on a suit of man's apparel," and in the Strand boxed a young nobleman's ears, drew on him and drove him into a small chandler's shop, when the constable interfered. Again, one day, a Lancashire carrier and two or three lassies, friends of

Meg's, having gone shroving with her to Knightsbridge, "it was their misfortune, at St. James' Corner, to meet with two thieves who, waiting there for their prey, set on them and took an hundred marks from the carrier, and from the wenches their gowns and purses." But Meg came up immediately afterwards, challenged the robbers to fight, and they, when well thrashed, gave up their treasure and begged for mercy. "If anyone ask you who banged your bones," quoth she, "say Long Meg, of Westminster."

The constable and the press-gang, desiring to carry off Meg's fellow-servant to serve as a sailor, Meg "lent the constable a knock," asked for the press money, and went herself. Going with King Henry's troops to Boulogne, she there established herself as a laundress, and raising "the best of the women, with a halberd in her hand, came to the walls on which some of the French had entered, and threw scalding water and stones at them, that she often obliged them to quit before the soldiers were up in arms, the report of which deed being come to the ears of the King, he allowed her for life eightpence a day." Here it was, too, that she had a combat with a French soldier, cut off his head, and sent it to the Dauphin, saying an Englishwoman sent it, for which act of valour the Dauphin gave her a hundred crowns; and we find her next married to a soldier, with whom she had in her honeymoon a bout with cudgels, which ended, "they grew friends, and never quarrelled after."

When married, she kept a tavern at Islington, and that there should be there good decorum, hung up a list of rules, among which were these:—"If any good fellow came in and said he wanted money, he should have his belly full of meat and two pots of drink;" and "If any ruffler came in and made a quarrel, and would not pay his reckoning, to turn into the fields and take a bout with Meg, the maids of the house should dry beat him, and so thrust him out of doors." Nothing much worse than is here related has been recorded of Long Meg, and of her burial Gayton says:—

"I, Long Meg, once the wonder of the spinsters,  
Was laid, as was my right, in the best of ministers."

"Which a pretty middling warm one, she were!" murmured the Blue Eyed Buttercup.

(Next week, "The Unknown Man.")

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

H. R. WILSON (Row).—Thanks, old chap, but ALLY prefers *Battersea* to the somewhat tropical heat of the place you wish him at.—L. F. S.—We are sorry, indeed, that we cannot accept your MS., but it is hardly in our line.—H. F. WILSON.—There is no necessity to inclose a stamp with your coupon. If you are lucky, ALLY will send the ticket, safely packed, at his own expense.—TIPSTER TIM.—The Eminent will not be responsible for any liabilities incurred by the juvenile members of his family.—LAURA K.—So pleased you and your friend think highly of your sketches, because no one else could.—F. H. JENKINS.—Your suggestion is good, but it cannot be adopted, for many reasons.—TINY.—Send in your coupons every week, please.—FRED BAKER.—Your verses are of no use to us, thank you. Try again.—SEVEN-AND-THIRTY.—You've been too particular and, we fear, will have to pay the penalty.—L. T.—No; we do not believe that all men are liars, but fishermen—well, pray excuse us.—HARD UP.—Poor old fellow, we know the feeling, and pity you. Hush! hush! here comes the grocer's man.—BERTHA FORSTER.—Sorry we have no space in the HALF-HOLIDAY for your clever story.—A. F.—Yes; each week is complete in itself.—JOHN H. WRIGHT.—Glad to hear the watch keeps such good time. Luck be with you.

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\* \* \* The List will close TUESDAY, MARCH 17TH, 1891.

### JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

SHARPSHINS and his son were travelling the other day by one of the L.B. & S.C. express trains, which differ from the ordinary trains in that they stop between the stations, instead of at them. "Why is this called an express train, dad?" inquired the boy when they pulled up for the seventeenth time. "Because, my son, it causes the passengers to express their displeasure." And his fellow travellers were arising in their wrath, when fortunately the train went on.

Yes! When he thoughtfully passed his hand over his eyebrows and said it seemed bally strange, but he could have sworn he shaved an hour ago, she opined that her lord and master had got em again.

THE maid expects  
Her beau to-night,  
And "blows" the fire  
With all her might;  
Because the air  
Is raw and damp;  
But quite forgets  
To fill the lamp!

SCRATCH CRADLE is not a game to be played with the old familiar household missus, but taken with a cousin with a kiss between chained strings as a sort of horse-raddish trimming, is a different matter altogether.

"I OWN," said SLOPER, "that my intelligence is limited, although you may not think it." "Yes," said Mac, "it is limited. Whenever you are asked to stand three penn'orth you can never see your way further than two, and whenever you are asked to pay back that half-dollar you borrowed after chucking time, you always feigned enough deafness that if a hundred ton gun was fired at your left ear you would want to know who was that cracking walnuts on the dustbin lid." And once more the best of friends parted, but not in two penn'orths.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.  
No. 359.—The "Coming Race" Costume.



HUE AND CRY.

Oh, why does he howl in anguish,  
And drop the hot, salt tear,  
Simply because he's no coiffish left,  
And he's spilt his supper beer.



How to erect a perpendicular on a given  
finite straight line. And when Boggins was  
erected into a perpendicular position by  
Constable XXI, the line taken by them was  
anything but a straight one.



Snuggles. I say, what do you think?—I have lost another umbrella!  
Popples. Indeed!—who's was it this time, old chap?



"Adolphus, darling, I love  
you!" With this remark the  
lovely girl buried her fair  
head in his manly bosom.—  
Extract from *Shilling Shock-*  
*let*.

"Tis generous to communicate your skill  
To those that need it."—*Corporer*.

OUR William is in search of an engagement. He is somewhat of a musician. This morning he came to us. He only had a quarter of a hat and a third of a moustache. He had taken a situation at the Pallas Athene Boarding School. He was so kind, so fatherly, and so loving. But they kept two gardeners there. His flight from the hall door to the bottom of the garden steps licked all the swallows going from Hampstead Heath to South Africa on record. He has altered his mind now, and since then has purchased only half a ton of temperance tracts. It is a fine sight to see him sitting in the corner of the Florio with a gin and amaranth in one hand and a yard and a half of high-class Queen Street printed morality in the other. He is getting on—he generally is getting on about 11.30 P.M.

In the Spring we take our Irish—  
"Cold this time, miss, if you please."  
In the Spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to lamb and peas.  
—*Twentifather*.

"WERE you at Gussy's Fancy Ball, chappie?" "Why, cert'nly, chappie!" "And did you go in character, chappie?" "I should rather think I did, old fellow." "And what sort of a kinder Johnnie did you go disguised as—what?" "I went as a clown, don'tcherknow!" "What a bouncer you are—you weren't disguised or made up at all, then?"

Innocent little darling, with pretty shudder. Oh! I shouldn't like to be a soldier.

Youthful Subaltern. Aw, why not?  
Innocent little darling. Why, the guns and swords and things! Besides, you're always fighting, you know.

Youthful Subaltern. Oh, no; er—not always, don'tyerknow; not more than—er—six hours a day.

"SEVEN Ds on his tombstone? You don't say so! At least, of course, as you do say so, you say so. And what did they stand for?" "David Davis, Doctor of Divinity—died dead drunk!"

To his sister the Bladder Olive Branch thus: "Sis, what is a crisis?" And the tender Twigglette answered, "Supposing you were on the ice and it gave an awful crack, and you felt your feet going through—there'd be a crisis." "Crisis!" exclaimed the shuddering Branchlet of the house of Bladder, "there'd be a bally yell, sis!"

Awe struck and admiring member of British public. And so you are the gentleman who writes those lovely poems? Would it be too much to inquire what are your sources of inspiration? You will excuse my asking, but I know my wife would be so delighted to learn, for she, too, sacrifices a little to the muses.

Our Tame Poet (pondering). Sources of inspiration? Oh, I know what you mean. I always write on Scotch whisky.

WHEN you hear a noise overhead like a cow falling on to a set of new drawing room furniture, and when it keeps going on like a threshing machine with a dash of thunder in it, you may be sure that Seraphina Ann is making up her mind to go on the music-hall stage, and that she is practising the skipping-rope dance with a looking-glass before her on the floor, to see as how she doesn't whack the top buttons off them twelve-buttoned boots of hers.

THE sea doth depend  
On the river;  
The worth of a gift  
On the giver;  
The state of our health  
On the liver!

THEY say that the neighbourhood is haunted, and well they might. But, after all, it was only that old SLOPER thinking that he was at the new local club, and had turned out on the pavement in his *robe de chambre* to light his long clay from the lampost. Them political club smokers must be put a stop to. SLOPER's constitution has been perfectly undermined with a long course of chucking out and threes of "Unsweetened" within.

Jones. Thank heaven, the sun is shining once more, and we've got rid of that miserable, hard winter.

Smith. Oh, you needn't abuse the winter; it had its good points.

Jones. I don't remember any. What were they?

Smith. Why, all the time the pipes were frozen we had fairly pure milk.

ALLY SLOPER, who ought to know if any should, divides lawyers into three classes: 1st, Good lawyers who are gentlemen; 2nd, Good lawyers who are not gentlemen; and, 3rd, Those who are neither good lawyers nor gentlemen.

"I INTEND to go in for orders," he replied, when the Business Damager of the "Friv." asked what his line was. And the B. D. rejoined, "Do yer? Well, don't come to our bally show, sneak in' after paper. F. L. S. is our motto, dear boy!"

### Overheard in the Green Room.

Hon. Billy. What has become of your pretty young friend, Tottie? I hope she isn't ill, but I thought she looked strange when she went away.

Tottie Goodenough. Oh, she's all right. She's only gone upstairs to sneeze.

Hon. Billy. Gone upstairs to sneeze? What the deuce do you mean?

Tottie Goodenough. Why, you see, she laces so tight that every time she wants to sneeze she's obliged to take her stays off.

"THE cake at my wedding was three feet high," said Mrs. Preeno Plume, proudly; and the frisky matron whom she addressed lisped, "Dear me! what a little fellow. Mine was five feet nine," and she glanced at the "cake" whose name she bore.

"I CANNOT sing the old songs,"  
She shrieks with much ado;  
And, if she wants to please us,  
She'll skip the new ones too.

SAID SLOPER, "I'm a man of mark, and anyone who knows me could know me anywhere." But McGooseley shook his head so softly. "Well, I don't know so much about that; when you were at that beanfeast down Boxhill way, and tumbled over after them sixteen fourpenn'orths into the ditch, I think that some of the boys took the back of that old chump of yours for a mushroom, for you don't do too much in the shampooing line. And then when you went down head backwards and nose backwards, why, didn't I that night—I was a little on—try and pull your nose off, as though it was a penn'orth of carrots left on the ham and beef counter. No; I'm not certain that anyone would know you anywhere."

### ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture to be given to one of the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," is an oil painting by FRED ROE, measuring 44 in. x 34 in., in a handsome gold frame, and representing

"A SCENE DURING THE GORDON RIOTS."

Make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with your Name and Address, any time before March 31st.

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\* \* \* This Picture is on View every day between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., except Saturday, when the hours are 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

TOOTSIE'S MAID MARIAN.



Robin Hood: HAYDEN COFFIN.

"In those days," says Ma's sixpenny history book, "neither the King nor his nobles were much restrained by considerations of justice, so it was not surprising that there were lesser persons to emulate their lawless example, and one of the most popular of these vagabonds was the renowned Robin Hood. The principal scene of his depredations was Sherwood Forest, where he and one hundred more stout fellows, levied contributions on every person they met on the highway. It is said that he was of noble blood, an earl at least, reduced to a lawless course of life by riotous living." But Sir Richard Baker adds to this—"He was honestly dishonest, for he seldom hurt any man, never any woman, spared the poor and only made prey of the rich." Which, you must allow, was "very good on him," though, perhaps, emptying the pockets of penniless paupers might have seemed something like a waste of time even to less noble souled ruffians than Robin. Again, when he did happen to "hurt a man," how much did he hurt him, and how? Thank goodness the good old times are past, and we have nothing worse to be afraid of than the Ripping Johnny of the Orient End!

"About this time," observeth a "quaint and right dainty" chronicler of the doings of Robin Hood, "Prince John (afterwards K. J.) happening to see Matilda (otherwise Maid Marian), the heiress of Arlingford, became desperately enamoured of her; but although already a much married man, he sent to her a messenger with a proposition that she should fly with him (Prince John) to other climes. Her pa the baron would have slain the ill-advised young man who brought Johnny's Bill—or perhaps I ought to say Tilly do—but, kinder feelings prevailing, they only tossed him in a blanket, set him in the stocks to allay the fever consequent on the pastime, ducked him most royally in the ditch and set him in the stocks again to dry. He was never the same young man again. Enraged by these proceedings, Johnny encamped in front of Tilly's pa's castle, and a desperate fight ensued, in which Tilly, disguised as "principal boy," knocked Johnny hard, only this time with a sword. Robin, by whom she was b'lo'ed, fought by her side, and pa having given his consent, Marian Matilda was wedded to Robbing Rob Bobbin in the heart of Sherwood Forest, Friar Tuck acting as priest and Little John as clerk, and amen-y worse might have been found. Horace Sedger did well to chose "Maid Marian" as the subject for his most recent production, and it has so far proved a brilliant success. It is magnificently staged and most admirably Charles Harrissed. The scenery, by Telbin, Emden and Perkins, is just lovely—a real treat to look upon, and the costumes are very pretty De Koven's music will, I think, be popular, for some of the airs are very catching, and Smith's libretto is up to the mark.

Of the acting and singing it behoves your Tootsie to say the good word. Hayden Coffin is a Robin to dream of, and will be dreamt of. Vi. Cameron, as Allan-a-dale, is seen at her best, and heard at her best, too, in the song of the Bells. Attalie Claire is nice, and Amadi real funny. As the wicked Sheriff of Nottingham, Harry Monkhouse has a good chance, of which, you may be sure, he makes the most, and awfully good that scene is where he is put in the stocks. As Friar Tuck, Harry Parker is also as droll as they make them. As Much the Miller, Shale pleased me much. Leonard Russell is big as Little John; and as Will Scarlet, Egbert Roberts scores well. Marion Manola has a charming voice and manner, and is thoroughly appreciated by an audience always ready to welcome a new-comer of such promise. John Le Hay, as Guy, gets the good laugh. Florence Darley and Maud Holland are nice, and, indeed, all the company engaged do their utmost to secure a success for what is just about the most likely show that the manager of the Prince of Wales' could have put on the boards.

Go and see it, girls. Go and see it, and pass the word that your one and only Tootsie sent you.



Sir Guy: JOHN LE HAY. Sir Tristram Tester: H. MONKHOUSE.

I fear me, dears, Lord Bob is not my affinity: at one time I thought a mysterious foreign prince was my other half, but 'tis not so—he is but a waiter in a Soho restaurant. I have, however, seen the one and only being I can ever love. More of this anon.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," March 14th, 1891.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Age..... Occupation, if any.....  
How many times applied.....  
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The List for this week will close on Tuesday evening next, March 17th. The List for March 7th will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for March 21st.

240th WEEK. LIST FOR FEBRUARY 28th.

"Sloper" Watches have been given to the following:—

1. G. PARKIN, Apprentice, Care of Mr. COOMBER, 1 Powell Street, Goswell Road. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—over 6 years. LONDON.
2. JOHN YEOMANS, Police Sergeant, 34 Hawksley Road, Stoke Newington. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—over 6 years. LONDON.
3. C. J. SMYTH, 22 Prince's Street, Waltham Road. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—over 6 years. LONDON.
4. PERCY TILBERRY, Errand Boy, "Victoria Inn." Age, 14 years. Subscriber—5 years, 5 months. ALDEBURGH.
5. HENRY BELL, Railway Ticket Collector, Iver Cottages, Waterloo Road. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—since commencement. ALDERSHOT.
6. JOHN BEARDSHALL, Book-keeper, 5 Station Road, Elsecar. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—since commencement. BARNSLEY.
7. EDMUND NIXON, Railway Gangster, 45 Castle Street. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—since August, 1884. BOSTON.
8. NELLY CHAPMAN, Glass and China Depôt, 81 Stokes Croft. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—over 6 years. BRISTOL.
9. WILLIAM LOVESY, French Polisher, Meadow Cottage. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—6 years, 25 weeks. BURGESS HILL.
10. JOHN W. RICHARDSON, Clerk, Station Villa. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—6 years. CARNOSTIE.
11. JAMES FIELDER, Publican, "Golden Lion," Priory Street. Age, 55 years. Subscriber—since January, 1885. DOVER.
12. ROSE PALMER, Woodcote Green. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—5 years, 44 weeks. EFSOM.
13. MRS. F. THOMPSON, 47 Garfield Road, North Dene. Age, 61 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. GT. YARMOUTH.
14. THOMAS HENRY HOWE, Science Teacher, 12 Victoria Road. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—over 4 years. NORTHFLEET.
15. PETER WARREN, Labourer, 245 Chadderton Road. Age, 50 years. Subscriber—6 years. OLDHAM.
16. HARRY BAILEY, Telegraphist, Railway Station. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—5 years, 23 weeks. POULTON-LE-FYLDE.
17. GEORGE RIDGEWAY, Timekeeper, British Plate Glass Works, Ravenhead. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—6 years, 22 weeks. ST. HELENS.
18. JOHN PARRY, Telegraphist, 43 New Park Street, Castle Fields. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—since commencement. SHREWSBURY.
19. GEORGE DUBBER, Labourer, 35 Somers Street. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—5 years, 42 weeks. SOUTHSEA.
20. ARTHUR JARVIS, Hairdresser, 57 Upper High Street. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—5 years, 8 months. TAUNTON.

GIRLS TO GET ON WITH.

No. 8.—THE GIRL AT THE EXHIBITION STALL.

It's a curious confession for a man in my position. And it may give rise to something like a scientific squall. But I cannot help observing, when I "do" an Exhibition, That the principal exhibit is the girl who keeps the stall. You may rave about "the latest" in mechanical invention; You may spend a half a day before a case of cockle shells; You may make no end of fuss about the relics. My attention In a much more rare department of the Exhibition dwells! No; I don't deny that picture there is "very, very splendid"; You mistake me when you think that I imagine it's a scrawl; For the colours, as you've just remarked, are exquisitely blended—Yes! but what about that picture in the Exhibition stall? I like pictures that are natural, not pictures that are painted, And although the lady hanging right above us on the wall Is delightfully proportioned, still, I'd rather be acquainted With that other in the gallery—or, rather, in the stall! People go into hysterics over models scientific, And "machinery in motion" ev'ry soul will fly to see, And their praise as they inspect the noisy tangle is terrific—But the model made by Nature is the article for me! Certain fossils, as they enter on a tour of some new "Nation," Will enjoy a keen inspection of its arms nailed on the wall; But you don't catch me pursuing such a dry investigation! I prefer those arms belonging to that darling in the stall! —DON JUAN, JUNIOR.

UP TO DATE.

THE *fin de siècle* small boy is every bit as bad as every small boy that has gone before him, and, in the suburban retreat of Shepherd's Bush, flourishes exceedingly. The other day he wandered into our little grocer's, at about bread-and-cheese-and-onions time. "Please, mister," said he to our Dakin in embryo, "have you got any empty boxes?" "No!" replied D. in embryo, rather testily. "Got any old showcards?" "No!" "Got any almanacs?" "No!" "Got any empty bottles?" "No!" "Got any pictures?" "No!" "Got any sense?" "No—er—yes—er, here, what the—!" and he cleared the counter and flew out the door like mad; but the *fin de siècle* boy was already at the corner of the street, with right thumb to his nose. And the grocer went back, feeling sadder than he had been since his screw had been reduced on account of bad business.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send this announcement, enclosed with a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to— "ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Owing to the enormous number of letters received, Answers cannot be guaranteed within a month, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

THAT FETCHING FANCY DRESS.

It being considered at one of the quarterly meetings of the Society for the Prevention of Throwing Orange-Peel on the Pavement on Sun-

days that the funds of that worthy institution were in anything but a flourishing condition; a proposition was made by Dr. Tompkins, the hon. sec., and agreed to by all present, that the S.P.T.O.P.P. should at once issue tickets for a fancy dress ball, to be held at the "Open Arms, Piccadilly Circus." Dr. Tompkins had himself as well as the society in view when he made this proposition. Two years ago, the conceited little ass (for such Dr. Tompkins had the honour to be) proposed to, and was promptly refused by, a pretty and popular actress on the burlesque stage. Shortly after this event, it reached the ears of the doctor that the girl to whom he had offered his hand, heart, etc., had spread the news of his fruitless proposal among all the "ladies" in the theatre at which she was engaged. "Why, to begin with, his legs are no thicker than Flossie Fitz-Seraggleton's," laughed the fair one. It was this statement which inspired Tompkins with a vengeance that should be terrible beyond words. His legs! How dare she utter disparaging remarks concerning those things which were the pride of his mother and the support of his old age! And now—now, after the lapse of two years—his time arrived. His proposal for a fancy dress ball was his first step to the revenge he sought. To the ball he would go as a Charles II. courtier—and pad his legs! How her heart would leap with excitement over a pair of legs she once despised! and how her soul would sink and settle down with disappointment when she discovered, as he intended that she should discover, that he was of no mind to renew his offer by reason of his improved condition! The night of the ball arrived, and the beautiful burlesque actress, accompanied by her mother (great care had been taken to send them each an invitation), arrived also. Her dress, of a Boulogne fish-wife, being low in the neck and high in the skirt, "ex-



Dr. Tompkins.



She flirted atrociously.

tremely charming" described her better than anything else. Their arrival was soon followed by that of Dr. Tompkins. The fascinating fish-wife saw, or thought she saw, his little game at once. "He thinks he's going to mash me with those bolstered pins, the idiot! I'll let him think he's making a great impression on my heart. I'll stuff him up (if he can hold any more) that I love him desperately, and then, when he proposes for the second time, I'll act as before."

She kept her word: she flirted with him atrociously—on stairs, in corridors, behind doors, everywhere. Then, when it was all over (the ball, not the flirting) she asked him to see her and her mother home. Her treatment of him had changed his mind and her heart, and on the way to her home that night he entertained genuine thoughts of asking her to become his wife. His vanity had got the better of his vengeance. Poor misguided dribbler!

The moment they were left alone in the drawing room (the mother retiring to another department to see if any sandwiches had been left out for their supper) Tompkins was down on his knees proposing.

While he was in this position the fair fish-maiden's little lap-dog "Snap," under the impression that the doctor was about to do his mistress some harm, flew at the worthy man's legs, and extracted from one of them the reason (wadding) of its shapeliness! The girl's shrieks of merriment brought in her mother, and between the two Dr. Tompkins had rather a warm time of it. It was daylight when he left their house—which was divided from his by a couple of miles. And so Dr. Oliver Tompkins, you know, doesn't care for fancy balls much.



The reason of its shapeliness.



WHO WANTS A WIFE?  
A young lady wishes to be engaged.



Fitzsimiles is very absent-minded, and does strange things when suffering from an attack of that complaint.



Jenks. I say, William, Bobbles, there, says his nag is a regular flier.  
William. So he is, sir; he's run regularly in a fly when he isn't in the field.



"An entry into the peerage can only be obtained, I feel sure, by graceful posturing. I have already a viscount almost at my feet, he having advanced from the sixth row of the stalls to the front row in three nights."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

### TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 173.—MISS CLARICE REEFERN.

"Oh! promise me that you'll be mine." —The Dook Snook.  
"My love for her increases day by day." —Lord Bob.  
"Believe me, I am ever thine." —The Hon. Billy.

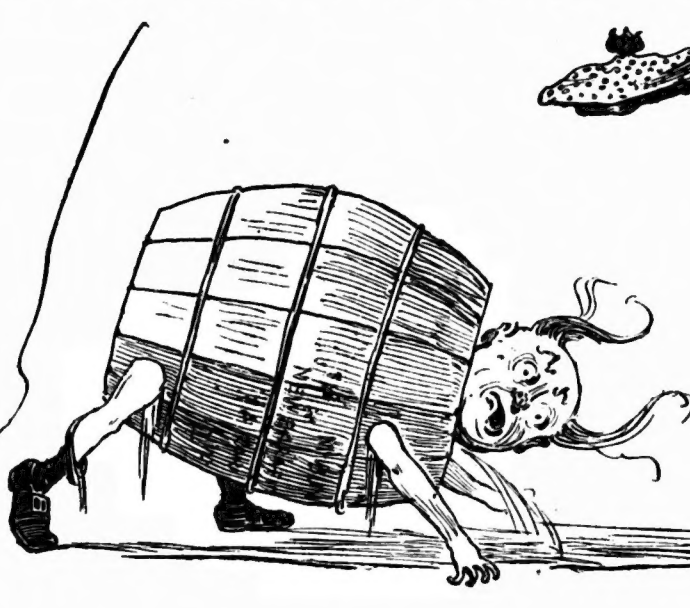
### DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—Miss MARION HOOD.



(1). "Shall I," mused A. SLOPER, "as a pretty memento of the occasion on which I first heard her sweet voice, and beheld her sweet face as she daintily threaded her way amongst the rocks on the sunny sands of Penzance, attend Miss Marion Hood as a pirate of that locality?"—(2). "A pirate! Ah! would that I were indeed one, that I might bear away the fair songster aboard my craft and cross the main; for, providing I were again a widower and would Marion other, Marion should be my choice. But, away with idle dreams! No, after all, perhaps, I had better present myself in proper personages." The Eminent had not forgotten his classical education.—(3). Miss Hood would see A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., etc., *Littérateur* (such was the legend graven on his card sent in), after the first act. At its conclusion, the Aged hastened round to the stage door of the Opera Comique, was admitted, and was soon in the presence of the beautiful Maid of Orleans.—(4). As a peasant girl in the first

scene, she had been all his fancy painted her; but now, in pure white and glittering armour, prepared to kill the English—happy English!—she was lovely—she was divine! A. SLOPER's heart went thumpety thump; he essayed to speak, stammered, and was on the point of blushing, when Miss Hood, observing his agitation, "You are unwell," said she, kindly, "let my dresser fetch you a glass of water." "Thanks, fair lady, no; I am better now!" Then disguising his emotion, "As head of the largest weekly comic, I—er—that is—in point of fact—" "Hush! pardon me," interrupted Miss Hood, raising her hand for silence, "Yes, that's my cue; I am very sorry—good night!" and she was gone. A. SLOPER remounted the gallery stairs, and took his seat (back row), but Messrs. Robert and Danby were taking the audience Round the Town, and it was some time before Miss Hood appeared. "Strange!" muttered the Mouldy One.—(5). On his return home, A. SLOPER had no relish for Mrs. Sloper's kiss.

### McBUNG'S PARAFFIN WHISKY AGAIN.



(1). While being soaked in his own Paraffin Liver Twister by the Parish, McBung said, "Dang me! this is a fine return for all me lovin' kindness."

(2). But when the James Marmala les took him, he ranterd forth thus, and the Laird yelped, "Yim, yam, yah! 'Ave takin the jimmies again, I know I hev, for this is the awfulest devil liver ah saw!"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

The old firm, gents, the old firm! patronize your weather beaten old friend once more, and he will guarantee to provide you with an entertainment that even crowned heads would be delighted to witness. Forward, please.—These strained relations cannot last, So let the past be of the past:—In Liverpool the coster gay Takes customers from shops, they say:—The newest overcoats for Spring Were lately seen in Sandown's ring:—Of politicians, those of note Are bidding for the workman's

vote:—To those who have a heart, it's clear 'Tis cruel sport, this hunting deer:—All owing to the late great cold, Our oysters fetch their weight in gold:—A peg-legged man, yearning for fame, Not long ago tried Sikes' game.—In my humble opinion, politicians, whether Liberals or Tories, are a confounded lot of humbugs, who would, I verily believe, promise anything, and indeed, almost sell their souls for a few paltry votes.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



SCENE—Bayswater, after a Fancy Dress Ball.

Daughter. Couldn't get a cab, so foggy?  
Father. Yes, we shall have to walk home, I'm afraid.  
[He has forgotten his costume, and also that they live at Brixton.]



IMPUDENCE.

Boy (to lady unconsciously holding her dress rather high). Oh, I say, my dear! ain't you getting rather too old for that sort of thing?



SHE DIDN'T BITE.

He (flaking for a compliment). Of course you must make allowance for me, Miss Stringer; I'm only learning. I've only had the instrument about five years.  
Miss Stringer. Pray don't apologize, Mr. Petley. We have a brother who is learning the trombone, and, I assure you, his efforts are only a shade more endurable.



GOING TO DO WITHOUT 'EM.

"You know, Jack, the Highland costume is not very expensive, but hang it all, you know! ain't it cold?"



TOO OBLIGING BY HALF.

Jones (who is competing for surgeonship of the workhouse). Say, my man, can you direct me the nearest way to the workhouse? I've some business there.  
Yoked. Oh! hev yer, mister? so hev I! You come along o' I, and I'll showee!

## ALLY-CAMPANE.

WE'RE SAVED! WE'RE SAVED!

THE chance of a Royal Commission being appointed to inquire into the relation of Employers and Employed has been hailed at "The Sloperies" with three cheers. "Too long 'ave we suffered," says the head Office Boy. "Hequallity for Hever," observes the gentleman who cleans the windows, while the Page Boy, who has been in the habit of fetching the Eminent's three cold, from the "Sloper Arms," says, "The day is at 'and when the Gov'nor'll 'ave to fetch 'em 'imself." These gentlemen forget that the Employer has to find their weekly wages. These sons of toil forget that to enable you to compete for his £1,000 Prize, you must show SLOPER that you have bought his paper for six months. Therefore, commencing with "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-



HOLIDAY" for January 3rd, 1891, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-Campagne" from each week's paper, and keep the cuttings by you until June 27th, 1891, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then add two lines to complete the following Nursery Rhyme:—

There was an old Fossil named SLOPER,

He fell down the stairs,

That unfortunate, fruity, old SLOPER!

The dotted lines have to be filled in, and the first and second, and third and fourth lines must rhyme. Write the Rhyme out on a piece of paper, with your name and address at the top, and post it, with the twenty-six cuttings, as soon after June 27th as you can, to "Sloper's £1,000 Competition." Don't post the Rhyme or any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing January 3rd, 1891, and ending June 27th, 1891. To the writer of the best Rhyme will be awarded £1,000. A. SLOPER, ever thoughtful, keeps Back Numbers in stock.

THE enthusiasm exhibited at the exhibition of swordsmanship, recently given at the Lyceum by Mr. Egerton Castle, is only another instance of the increasing popularity of fencing in this country. As an exercise it has no equal—tending, as it does, to promote quickness of eye, ready decision, strength of arms and graceful carriage and gesture. At the present time it is high in favour with the sex that is fair, and ladies' schools of arms are springing up like mushrooms.

THE Mildewed One has this day been pleased to confer the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon CHARLES COGHLAN because he passed his examination. He was well coached, too, wasn't he?

As a gentle incentive to the tardy ones, the Fabric will send a cabinet size photograph of himself to everyone, irrespective of age or sex, who from this day forth contributes the sum of five shillings to his "Christmas Appeal." We would impress upon our readers the fact that this is an opportunity rarely offered. It doesn't happen to any man to have a chance like this thrust under his nose twice in a lifetime. Why tarry? as the poet says. The first come the first served. Seize the opportunity and the five shillings, and buy, in return, the satisfaction of having filled two empty stomachs, and a portrait you cannot obtain in any other way.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been presented to FRANK KENT, Fore Street, Hatfield, Herts, for the largest number of "Halfpenny Subscriptions to Ally's Appeal."—153.

PERHAPS the most interesting of the series of Lyceum revivals, with which Mr. Irving is at present delighting the play-going public, is Mr. W. G. Wills' play, "Charles I.," which was produced last week with Mr. Terriss as Lord Moray, Mr. Wenman as Queen Henrietta, and Mr. Irving, of course, in the title rôle. Mr. Irving gave a most finished and artistic rendering of the character of the melancholy, reserved and dignified monarch, who feared man so little and God so much, and Miss Ellen Terry took advantage of the opportunity given her for the display of that womanly tenderness and feeling which she can so well depict. The play is mounted with that attention to the most minute historical and artistic details for which the Lyceum is famous. It will be performed every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. On Saturday and Monday evenings the Lyons Mail will be played, and Much Ado About Nothing every Tuesday.



A GOOD deal of ink is being slung about by the little darlings who constitute the lower ranks of "the profession" in airing their grievances, not the least of which appears to be the enormous percentage of their earnings which finds its way into the pockets of the agents who secure them their engagement. Surely this appalling state of things cannot be tolerated in this age of social progress. Arise, ye daughters of Thespis! arise, and form a Professional Union without delay. How would "The Singing Chambermaids' Defence Society and Chorus Girls' Protection Association" do for a title, eh?

ALEXANDRY says he hears from a friend of his that Horatio Bottomley, the philanthropist who promoted the Hansard Publishing Union, now in Queer Street, has issued writs for libel against all the papers who have dared to doubt his disinterested motives. The one for "The Sloperies" must have got lost in the post.

"If they reconstituted the Hansard Union, further," inquired the Blue Eyed One, "won't they reconstruct Horatio and old Isaac at the same time?" And the Mildewed One sighed when he thought of the spotless innocence of his son and heir—his heart was too full for words.

It is well for the management of the Avenue that the new comedy-drama, *Changes and Chances*, and the burlesque, *Malle, Cleopatra*, produced last week, are merely intended as a stop-gap until the production of *The Henrietta* on March 28th. *Changes and Chances* is beneath criticism. As the hopelessly heavy father in it remarks, "It is a subject we must decline to discuss." *Malle, Cleopatra* served no other purpose than to make it painfully evident Miss Floy Vita possesses neither of the important attributes of a burlesque actress—voice and power of mimicry. Mr. J. J. Dallas really worked hard, and Mr. F. Lindo burlesqued Mr. Wilson Barrett cleverly; but, on the whole, it was a most dispiriting production.

Is England in danger? This question has agitated the Eminent *Littérateur's* bosom to an almost extreme degree, ever since he heard that the Volunteer Force was decreasing year by year; the news itself is bad enough, but the result—what will that be? Will the frog eating Frenchman, encouraged by the demoralized condition of our citizen army, swoop down on our poor benighted country, wrecking home and happiness, and finally end up by declaring England a French province? Heaven forbid! But if the Volunteer Force is allowed to go to the dogs, all these things might occur; we say might advisedly, in fact, in the same spirit that we should remark on the probabilities of pigs flying, but it is always well to be prepared for emergencies. So wake up, ye youths of England, and enlist under your nation's banner, swearing to fight for your country, home and Queen.

WE heartily congratulate Mr. Norman Forbes, the young and energetic manager of the Globe Theatre, upon the success which bids fair to attend his efforts to make that theatre a paying and popular one. Entirely redecorated, and lighted by electricity, it is indeed a cosy little house; whilst *The Parcens*, which is the chief item of attraction, has now established itself beyond dispute in popular favour, and already bears the hall mark of a royal visit and a Brighton and Crystal Palace performance. At the Comedy, the sprightly *Jane* still runs merrily, and night after night a densely packed house testifies to the continued popularity of the production. How heartily everyone laughs, and with what delightful unanimity they all wink the other eye at the highly seasoned allusions which are to be found in Harry Nicholls' and W. Lestocq's successful farce.

SIGNS of approaching spring! ALLY says he has heard the note of the oof-bird, at early morn, several times lately, coming from the direction of the chimney-pots at Mildew Court. Spring is, indeed, at hand; so, by the way, is Quarter Day.

FRIDAY, February 27th, was a joyful night at Drury Lane Theatre, whither A. SLOPER had wended to see *The Beauty and the Beast*. Sheriff Augustus Drurion-lanus Coventgardenius Hermajesticus cordially welcomed The Family in the vestibule, and, after standing drinks all round, escorted them to a private box, which the Eminent had already paid for. Having blessed Gus and kissed his back parting three times, the Ruin settled down and thoroughly enjoyed the show. After it was all over, Lady Dunlo came into the Remnant's box, and, accompanied by Dunny, the party adjourned to Romano's, where his lordship squandered one week's allowance in standing a frugal meal.

GREAT dissatisfaction is felt by the St. John's Wood school that the portrait, by Gainsborough von Copal, of SLOPER's ancestor, Lord Frousay Frink Sloper, who, sad to relate, was poisoned through imperfect drainage in the time of Oliver Cromwell, has been placed in the Pump Room at "The Sloperies." Mr. John Pettie, R.A., says you rarely see such work nowadays—thank goodness!

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

## A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 21ST, 1891.

15th March, 1669.—"W. Hower and I," says Peppy, under this date, "did walk to the Cock at the end of Suffolk Street, where I never was. A great ordinary, mightily cried up, and there he spoke a pullet, and while dressing it he and I walked into St. James's Park, and thence back, and dined very handsome, with a good soup and a pullet, for 4s. 6d. the whole."

16th March, 1576.—Of Doctor Dee's "Magical Crystal," which he pretended he had received from the Angel Uriel, and in which apparitions were said to appear, we read in his diary under this date:—"Her Majestie (Elizabeth) willed me to fetch my glass, so famous, and to show unto her some of the properties of it, which I did: her Majestie being taken down from her horse by the Earle of Leicester did see some of the properties of that glass, to her Majestie's great contentment and delight."

17th March, c. 464.—St. Patrick's Day.—Certainly the most marvellous of all the miracles ascribed to the saints is that recorded of St. Patrick. "He swam across the Shannon with his head in his mouth!" St. Patrick cleared Ireland of vermin.

18th March, 979.—King Edward was this day stabbed, at the instigation of his stepmother, Elfrida. The wretched woman, it is said, spent the remainder of her days in dismal horror. She obtained a kind of armour, formed of crucifixes, wherein she encased herself, performed penances, built monasteries, and died universally execrated by the indignant people.

19th March, 1755.—This day, three women, a child of two years of age, an ass and several goats were buried in a stable by the fall of a huge mass of snow from the Alps of Piedmont in Italy. Almost the whole village of Bergamotto was covered over and crushed. The women and two goats were rescued alive after a confinement of thirty-seven days, but the child and some of the animals were dead.

20th March, 1886.—This day, a case came on before Mr. Justice Pearson, in which Mr. Ewing, who had been keeping a wild beast show in the Edgware Road, that an injunction had been issued against, was asked why he had not removed, with the rest of the animals, a lion still on the premises. It was stated that the lion was in a dying condition, and its removal was therefore delayed for forty-eight hours.

21st March, 1828.—A paper of this date says:—"A few miles west of Lewes, a Wesleyan congregation have been in the habit of regularly sending a boy with a horse to meet their itinerant minister. A wag who was aware of this, met the lad, and, with a look of solemnity, inquired, 'Is this the animal that is intended to convey the servant of the gospel to his brethren?'—'No, Zur,' replied the boy, 'dis be horse for our parson.'—'Well, well, I am the minister.' The boy dismounted, and the wag found a ready seat on the saddle, ordering the boy to get up behind him. He soon reached his destination, and, alighting, desired the boy to go back and fetch the other minister. The boy, with all haste, rode back about two miles, when the real parson came up. 'Well, my lad, what makes you so late?'—'Why, Zur, I have taken one parson to our village.'—'Oh, have you? Well, then, they won't want me; you may return.' The minister then turned back, and the congregation had to pass their Sunday without a sermon. They survived."

## NOT THE WORLD THEY THOUGHT.

It was in a Crimes Court in Ireland, and the witness had very urgent reasons for not wishing to appear, so he explained, the matter to a friendly medical man, who came up and swore that the witness was incapable of appearing to the summons, and, in fact, that he was anticipating a summons every hour from the other world. The magistrates looked grave, and the witness was excused. The following day, the summons from the other world duly appeared in the shape of a letter from America, containing a free pass, which Pat immediately took advantage of and skipped.

## TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

GRANDMAMA was going shopping, and she searched assiduously for the "safest" looking four-wheeler on the rank. Right at the end, behind the "shelter," stood an old "fever box" on four wheels, with an animal between the shafts that might have remembered when it ran third for the Derby of B.C. 37. It had knees of a devotional order, a head the size of a child's coffin, and but one eye, with which it regarded the wind-flecked puddles with the stony glare of unquenched thirst. By dint of much waving of umbrella, Grandmamma drew from a neighbouring leaning post an ill-fed and cadaverous driver. "Drive me gently to—er—Westbourne Grove, and—er—you don't think your horse will run away, do you?" "Run away, mum? Bloomy! I there ain't much run away in 'im,—more likely jaint away," he added, as he dropped a lighted fusee in a rut in the animal's backbone as a signal to start.

## A TRANSLATION.

WE translate the following literally, word for word, from the *Fliegende Blätter*:—"Pastor (on Sunday evening, to the very late-out-from-the-gossip-circle-home-returning-wife). Why remainest thou, then, so frightfully long out, wife? Wife. Ah! I have the preparation of thy Sabbath lecture not to disturb been willing. Wife (herself just-for-the-usual-curtain-lecture-sat-down-to-the-on-Sunday-evening-very-late-cut-from-the-club-home-returning-spouse). Why remainest thou, then, so frightfully long out, husband? Pastor. Ah, know thou, dear child, I have thee even by the preparation of thy lecture also not to disturb been willing. Thus the old man scored."

## THE READY ANSWER.

THE way was long and weary, but gallantly they strode—no, that's not exactly it—the way was long and narrow, and the young city gentlemen on the top of the eastward-bound "Bayswater" were getting a little bit impatient, for just where the road was narrowest, a great lumbering soap-maker's cart, piled high with bones and bone refuse, hopelessly blocked the way. The sun shone down on those bones, and the aroma arising smote the nostrils of the driver of the bus. "Now then, young fellow!" he shouted to the drowsy youth in front in charge of the waggon; "now then—higher up with that little cargo o' chery blossom." The young city men smiled; but the youth replied, "Garn—it ain't these. W'y don't yer try a few cachous for yer breath?"

## ALLY SLOPER'S FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Prior of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servant on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published throughout the United Kingdom every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 8 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

## THE OSTRICH AND ITS OFFSPRING.

(A PARENTAL PRONOUNCEMENT).

(Certain experts have recently declared that although polygamy often prevails among ostriches, they have one great virtue, and that is, parental fidelity. This applies to both sexes.)



Though from H mans full mar a scoff spring Regarding th great Ostric question, And its wonder ful powers digestion; Yet, the Ostric doth dote on its offspring! Here am I—an of bird—for ample, Although I am quite independent Of this, my be loved descend ant, I cry, with affection most ample, "You naughty bad bird, you!"

No filial love stirred you; Your conduct is shocking to view; You surely now, daren't Upset your poor parent, I've been a kind Ostrich to you!"

'Tis true that we Ostriches often Indulge in polygamous matches With sweet Ostrichesses, in batches, But parental joys soon our hearts soften! Both Ostrich and Ostrichess likewise To the family ties show devotion; And it fills our fond hearts with commotion When our youngsters (like workmen) act "strike" wise! Then we cry, "You bad bird, you!" etc.

## IT CAME NATURAL.

THEY wanted to know at the Frivoly whether Emma Spoofoikin was really a good break-down hand. "Rather," said the great dramatic agent; "why, when she was only nineteen, and my boy George it in the sink playing the music on a new comb and a yard and a half of tissue, she did it that hard that a chunk of stone flew out the floor through the window, and cut off quite two inches of the peeler's helmet who was talking to our gal in the airy. This quite true. As for her figure, if you had stuck all the best hose and velvet on the statuettes in the British Museum, they would not have looked half as well. She could take the cake, she could."

## SLOPER'S PRESENTS.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish that you are in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT.

"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

\* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," March 14th, 1891.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Want\* \_\_\_\_\_

\* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

215th WEEK.

LIST FOR FEBRUARY 28th.

The following "Presents" have been made:—

Mrs. W. H. ELLIS, Temple Mills, GREAT MARLOW (Bucks).

A MINCING MACHINE.

JOHN ORTON, Ox Close, SPENNYMOOR.

A MEDICAL GALVANIC BATTERY.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Advertiser's Name and Address are inclosed, for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, Tootsie undertakes to forward, unopened and post-free, all letters received in reply to the advertisements. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

LICE, aged 23, tall, nice looking and of lady like appearance, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Please inclose photo, which will be returned if approved of. Address—"LICE," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 23, tall, with auburn, curly hair, well educated, desires to correspond with a splendid home, and a young lady, one possessed of small means preferred. Advertiser is of a loving disposition and considered good-looking, fond of singing a splendid reciter. Kindly inclose photo, in strictest secrecy and confidence, CONFIDENTIAL," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

DA, aged 19, tall, dark and of good appearance, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, from 22 years of age, and a view to matrimony. Kindly send photo, which will be returned if desired. Address—"IDA," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

JIM, aged 19, in good position, tall, fair and rather good looking, would like to correspond with a fair young lady about the same age and of good disposition. Please inclose photo, which will be returned if desired, in strict confidence, to "JIM," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

YOUNG LADY, aged 21, of middle height, fair, considered good-looking, well educated, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Please inclose photo, which will be returned if desired. Address—"M. E. H.," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

ADVERTISER, fair, 23 years of age, would like to meet with a young lady about same age. Must be educated, and have nice appearance. Please inclose photo, in confidence, "GEOFFREY," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.



AMY (Aged 20).



## THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 194.—CYRIL MAUDE, F.O.S.

"Somehow or other there seems to have been a mistake at the early period of our hero's career—instead of pleasantly commencing life as a girl, according to everyone's desire, and, indeed, expectations, he chose to make himself obnoxious by being born a member of the male persuasion. This was very unkind on the part of Cyril, and in any other family might have caused unpleasantness. But not so in this case—the Maudes were ever a well regulated family. When about sixteen our hero showed a great inclination to become a policeman—whether it was his admiration of the fair sex or love of things savoury that inspired him with this idea it would be difficult to say; but it is a fact that it was only by main force that our hero was prevented from carrying out his wishes. At the age of seventeen our hero joined a party of gipsies then passing through the neighbourhood, and dwelt with them for four years, working himself up during that period from the ranks, to the position of King of the Gipsies. At last, finding that, owing to the attentions of gipsy loveliness, things were becoming a little too hot for him, Cyril determined to make tracks, so, eluding the vigilant eye of the gipsies' sentinel, he fled to London, where he took to the theatrical stage, married a charming young actress, and settled down to domestic happiness. Chiefly because he is a clever young actor, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him September 2nd, 1889."—*Debrett Improved.*



IR REVEREND.

She. I don't think persons should be seen in the hunting field. Do you, Mr. Cleargate?  
Mr. C. M. well, I'd rather see 'em there than in the pulpit, don'tcher no!



FLATTERY.

Juvenile Visitor (at Fancy Fête). Please, mister, are you one of them air balloons as is going up presently?



Our artist, since the above bad attack, is taking soda and milk only—and that weak, not too much milk.

## A RIDDLE SOLVED.



Brown. Of course, you have heard that I am going to be married in a fortnight's time, Jones?  
Jones. No, by Jove! that accounts for you having looked so miserable lately.

[Brown becomes dumb.]



A LITTLE THING UPSET HIM.



"As in a looking glass" in a country inn.

## A TALE OF A MUSTARD POT.



(1). "Oh, it's mighty fine it looks, I've a mind to taste it!"—(2). "What am I crying for, did you say? Sure it's Old Ireland I'm thinking of."—(3). "By the powers, I'll taste it myself!"—(4). "Take that, you deceiving blackguard, all over your features, and don't be after bamboozlin' me agin!"

## "AS ACROSS THE BRIDGE SHE GOES."



"Comin' through the Rye."—Motto Accelerando.

## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



"Sometimes uncle's quite violent about the perambulator nuisance, and at other times doesn't seem to mind a bit—it just depends on the looks of the nursemaids, nothing else!"